Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As ſurely as I liue my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweete ſoule to the boſome,
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your daies of triall. *Enter Yorke.*
Yorke Great Duke of Lancaſter I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing ſoule,
Adopts the heire, and his high ſcepter yeeldes,
To the poſſeſsion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name Ile aſcend the regall throne,
Car. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence may I ſpeake.
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth,
Would God that any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
Of noble Richard. Then true nobleſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong,
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King:
And who ſits here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them,
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſty,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted, many yeares
Be iudgd by ſubiect and inferiour breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo heinous blacke obſceene a deed
I ſpeake to ſubiects and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him let me propheſie,
The bloud of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for this foule act,

Peace ſhall go ſleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous warres,
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kind confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens ſculs,
Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, childs children, crie againſt you wo.
North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you heere:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
Bull. Let it be ſo, and loe on wedneſday next,
We ſolemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*

Manent Weſt. Caleil, Aumerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharp to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. My Lo. before I freely ſpeake my mind heerein
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but alſo to effect,
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your harts of ſorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merrie daie. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Quee. This way the King will come, this is the way,
To Iulius Cæſars ill erected Tower,
To wohſe flint boſome, my condemned Lord,
Is doomde a priſoner by proud Bullingbrooke.